

# Shards of the Covenant

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Summary: The firing of Delta Halo had been stopped. A Covenant fleet is heading towards the last Human stronghold: Earth. The greatest soldier of the UNSC is the only thing standing between humanity and destruction. And elsewhere, one being manipulates everything.

## 1. Trying Times

**\*\*Author Note: I do not own Halo or the books.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter One: Trying Times\*\***

**\*\*13 CYCLES, 10 UNITS (COVENANT BATTLE CALENDAR) / IN CONTROL ROOM OF INSTALLATION 05 \*\***

Hadratkus, eldest son of Tartarus, quickly fired off four grenades at a Sangheili Zealot. The first three high-velocity grenades downed its shields, and the last one impacted a plasma grenade on its belt, incinerating it, and sending four minors standing next to him flying off the bridge. He then lashed out with the fixed blade at a golden-armored Sangheili foolish enough to come near him. It roared in pain and surprise as the blade cut through its shields. He stepped back to recover and fell off the bridge to his doom.

Hadratkus roared out, as he reloaded his brute shot, "By the honor of the Jiralhanae, the Great Journey shall not be stopped by you, heretics!"

The one called Arbiter primed and threw a plasma grenade at him, before retorting, "What honor?"

The grenade landed near Hadratkus, who opted to jump to the center station of the control room. The other five guards were not as lucky, and were engulfed in the blast.

As Tartarus swung the massive Fist of Rukt, smashing through the

bodies of five Sangheili, his son fired off four grenades at the Arbiter, who was running towards him with an outdrawn energy sword.

Two of the grenades found their target, but miraculously, the Arbiter's shields held. He leaped over the third and fourth grenades, and slashed savagely at Hadratkus.

Hadratkus let loose a loud roar of pain, as he felt the flesh of his left shoulder part under the sword's vile fire.

He fell unconscious. His last thoughts were, \_father, do not let these heretics stop the Great Journey.\_

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Tartarus bellowed in rage as he saw the Arbiter strike his son down. As the Arbiter turned towards him, he raised the massive warhammer in a gesture of defiance.

"You will pay for that, heretic! You and your kind shall weep tears of blood before I am done with you!" Tartarus shouted.

Suddenly, three purple beams struck him, downing his mystic barrier. Tartarus looked in shock at the dark-skinned human who had fired the shots.

He shouted, "Yeah, go get mohawk head, Arbiter!"

Tartarus growled, "Barrier or no barrier, you shall fall!" He swung his hammer at the Arbiter, missing by a matter of inches.

The Arbiter cursed as the hammer nearly hit him, and the energy wash drained his shields. He lunged forward with his energy sword drawn. The sword buried itself in Tartarus's upper body, causing black blood to spray from it. Tartarus gaped at him in shock, as he realized that his arms were now useless.

Quickly, the Arbiter primed a plasma grenade and forced it in his mouth, before jumping away, the sword still buried in the chest. He ran, leaving Tartarus to his fate.

\_May the Gods forgive me for my failure. The heretic had won this battle, but the Great Journey shall prevail.\_

The grenade exploded, as Tartarus's head disappeared in a blinding, blue flash.

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Rtas 'Vadumee watched as the Sangheili minor carefully piloted the phantom near the Covenant cruiser, the \_Binding Truth.\_ Something didn't quite smell right about thisâ€¦ no matter. Yet, even as he dispelled the feeling, a new feeling of dread sprang up within him. For some reason, no craft had moved out to intercept him, no communications, either. They were able to fly to the cruiser unopposed.

The SpecOps Commander turned to his command, the best the Covenant

had to offer. Nay, not the Covenant. The filthy backstabbers, not fit to find their end on the cleansing fire of the energy swords of the Sangheili. The leaders somewhere on the Sacred Ring would decide on a new name. He hoped so, for what are they, if they don't have a name?

His group consisted of ten Unggoy and Six Sangheili.

"Who shall pay for their treachery?" 'Vadumee roared.

"The Covenant!"

"What shall we fight for?"

"Honor! Justice!"

"Andâ€¦"

"Vengeance for our fallen brothers!"

"Correct! Now, this cruiser, the \_Binding Truth, \_is our objective! The Kig-yar, Yanme, and Jiralhanae, may they be damned, control this ship! But on the blood of our fathers, our sons, our forefathers, we shall take it!"

The battle group roared in affirmation as the Phantom landed in the docking bay of the \_Binding Truth.\_ There were many Phantoms in it, along with a few human dropships. Apparently, the filthy apes weren't that picky. A strange odor emanated from them, which 'Vadumee associated with the Jiralhanae.

Rtas felt another pang of unease. Something didn't quite seem rightâ€¦ again. If there was one thing he had learned during the holy war, it was to trust the gut.

The commander shrugged the feeling off, and disembarked the Phantom, as his forces followed.

An Unggoy chuckled nervously, and squeaked, "Me have bad, bad feeling 'bout dis, commanda."

'Vadumee replied, "Why, congratulations. You have just volunteered for guard duty, Jekej." He turned to his elite forces, and pointed to four other Unggoy and two Sangheili, and ordered, "You seven are in charge of the Phantom. Do not allow these hairy apes near it. The rest of you, activate you stealth units and follow me."

The other Phantoms in the bay could be used if their original one was destroyedâ€¦ but he preferred his own. Like he would bear being in a craft once piloted by the Jiralhanae. He would have to take a long bath after this, or the stench might stay on him.

The other six assigned to guard duty walked towards the Phantom, the Unggoy happily, and the Sangheiliâ€¦ not as enthusiastic. 'Vadumee and his now camouflaged force turned to the bay doors and hurried through them. The battle for the \_Binding Truth\_ had begun.

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"Construct, bend to my will. Now answer me: Where is your land? It shall play a part in my plan." Gravemind rumbled, its tendrils snaking around Cortana's hologram.

"Why should I?" Cortana asked.

"For the salvation of my children. We need sustenance. And you shall provide it. I will see the galaxy, the universe shatter before I allow my children to die." Gravemind replied, anger coursing through its voice.

"Go to hell." She replied, before her Gravemind activated an energy spike. It effectively disrupted her primary functions, causing an impulse, like pain to beings of flesh and blood.

"Do you not get it? I AM hell." Gravemind chuckled. "Do not force me to break you."

Cortana realized that another shock like that could potentially destroy her, so she did the only feasible thing: shutting down.

"Ahâ€¦ a waste of time. No matter. I have much to do. But nothing can be hidden from I. Rest all you like, dear, but you SHALL wake." Gravemind droned on.

An hour later, Cortana did get reactivated. What she saw shocked her. Many dropships, human or Covenant, were being boarded by Flood forms, and being flown into the sky.

"Beautiful, isn't it? Soon my children shall reign over the universe, as per their birthright. I shall be at their head, for they and I control the same mind." Gravemind boomed.

The Flood and Gravemind had the same mind? Cortana hoped so, for her 'life' depended on it. She noticed the tendrils snaking around her memory processor core. If it touched the core, she MIGHT be able to use its electrical impulses to go to the brain, then to a computer in a dropship connected to a brain form.

However, upon reviewing the option, Cortana realized the futility of the plan. The computers of a mere dropship would be too small to contain an AI of her size, and also, if Gravemind detected the impulse, it could easily shut her down. Permanently. That left only one option. She took it.

Fast as lightning, Cortana initiated the Covenant AI duplication program that sheâ€¦ withheld from ONI. It copied her basic functions, sent it through Gravemind, and dropped it onto a brain form aboard one of the many dropships. Its mission: to find Miranda Keyes.

Gravemind felt a slight spasm go through its body. It quickly passed. It turned its attention to more pressing matters, such as the defiant AI.

"And now, as for Earthâ€¦" It rambled, turning its attention to Cortana.

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"I see. You mind telling me what you are doing on that ship?" Lord Hood asked.

"Sir. Finishing this fight." John, more known as the Master Chief, replied, before ending the COM-link. He looked down, and saw that a Flood Combat Form's arm that had grabbed him prior to his boarding had also come with him. But more importantly, he saw the M7 submachine gun.

John bent down, picked the M7 up, and walked down the hallway. Now, things were getting interesting. He had a single gun, as opposed to hundreds of Brutes toting grenade launchers. He reached a door, and paused, to check his motion detector, which indicated at least three hostiles beyond it. He banged his fist on the wall, and wait for them to rise to the bait.

The first target, a Jackal sniper, ran past him, oblivious to the shadow behind him. John waited until the door closed, then rushed forward, and struck the Jackal with the M7, breaking its spine. He grabbed the beam rifle it carried, picked up the body, and dragged it near the door. He made sure the rifle was ready to fire, and flung the body at the door.

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"Where do you suppose that idiot birdbrain had gone?" Ertakus asked, fondling his carbine.

"Knowing him, probably hiding, hoping the ghost won't get him." His friend, Orathus, replied, chuckling.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the dead body of a Jackal landed on Orathus. Ertakus cursed, and ran out of the door. For his troubles, his head exploded. And none other than the Demon walked through the door, his beam rifle pointed at him. Orathus felt fear engulf his body, but still managed to raise his plasma rifle, and fired.

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"Damn!" John muttered, as the red plasma bolts flew at him. He leaped to the side, firing the beam rifle.

The purple beam went through the brute's knee, causing him to roar in pain. However, he was still able to get to a terminal, patching a COM-link to the bridge.

"The Demon is here! He-" The brute slumped forward, dead.

John raised the still smoking beam rifle, and shot the terminal, twice.

"Transmission terminated. Cortana, I need-" He began, before realizing that the AI was gone. He was alone. Damn. John was going to have to get to the bridge without her help.

John discarded the nearly empty beam rifle for the carbine, and took half a dozen plasma grenades from the bodies. He had to move fast. The Covenant knew he was here, and would undoubtedly send troops.

He ran towards the door on the other side, paused, and ran back. Could it be? yes! The crate contained two other carbines and two brute made plasma rifles. He grabbed the carbine ammunition, and swapped the M7 for the red plasma rifles. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have done so, but half a clip of rounds weren't going to be much help.

Before he could continue, Lord Hood's voice crackled in his COM. "Master Chief. A Pelican has been dispatched to pick you up. ETA is approximately thirty minutes."

"Negative sir. The Prophet of Truth is here. I'm hunting him down."

There was a long silence. Then Hood answered. "All right, Master Chief. I trust your judgement. Mission request accepted. Hood out."

The COM-link ended. John hoisted his carbine. However, a thought nagged at him. Why did that last brute not rage? Why did it send a message instead of attacking him?

The answer came quickly. There was a third brute, who was hiding in the shadows. It gave a loud, throaty roar, and charged towards him. John turned to its source, and opened fire with the carbine.

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Hadratkus awoke. The first thing he noticed was that it was completely white. Then next thing was that he was without armor. He instinctively looked at his left shoulder. The white stripe, signifying that he was the one to rule the Alpha tribe of Jiralhanae, was gone! That accursed Sangheili had burned it off with his blade! However, he had one question to ask.

"Is this the Great Beyond?" He wondered aloud.

"No, Hadratkus. This is the waiting cell. You are on our homeland, Savanrai." An ethereal voice boomed.

Hadratkus recognized the voice as Shivastus's, the chieftain of the Beta Jiralhanae tribe.

"Son of Tartarus, you have two choices, the trial of the warrior or the trial of the exile." Another voice cut in.

That was Thothatus, chieftain of the Gamma tribe.

Hadratkus pondered his choices. The trial of the warrior meant a trial. If found guilty of the crimes charged, he would be executed swiftly, mercilessly. At least his family would retain a shred of the honor he had helped win. The trial of the exile was an easier choice. He would be allowed to run from his crimes, but he could never, ever see another one of his kind, under fear of a slow and painful death by fire. And his family would be shamed, the mark on his bloodline, forever. For a moment, he was reminded of the disgraced Shipmaster who had allowed the destruction of the first sacred ring, now the Arbiter.

Still, there was something he must know. He asked, "What are the charges facing me, mighty ones?"

"The loss of the Fist of Rukt, the inability to defend your father, and allowing the impeding of the Great Journey." Thothatus answered. "If charged with two or more, then your doom is clear."

Hadratkus bristled. To infer, nay, to even dare think that he would have done these heinous crimes was an insult beyond measure.

He decided. "The trial of the warrior!" He shouted.

"Very well." Shivastus replied. "In twenty-four cycles, you shall be tried. Until then, I suggest you get your rest."

The lights faded, and then went out altogether. Hadratkus had no choice to do as ordered, offering a simple prayer; one he had learned when he was just a mere whelp, when the crusade against the humans had not yet started. His father had taught him that.

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><strong>Author Note: So... my attempt at a Halo fic. Like it? Hate it? Review, but no flames. Constructive only. And yes, I know I'm not some super-science-whiz man, as you may have gleaned from my writing.<strong>

## 2. Grunts Go BOOM

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or Bungie. Too bad.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Two: Grunts Go BOOM.\*\***

**\*\*14 CYCLES, 24 UNITS (COVENANT BATTLE CALENDAR) / ABOARD FORERUNNER VESSEL\*\***

The Spartan grunted as the crazed brute struck across the chest, draining his shields to half charge. He leaped back, and unloaded on the brute with his brute-made plasma rifles. It grunted, as the red plasma cut into its chest. But still, it remained standing. Through its crazed eyes, it saw the Demon, scourge of the Sacred Rings, and Assassin of the Hierarch, the Prophet of Regret. The very knowledge filled it with an unquenchable rage. So it started another charge, running towards the very anti-God in front of it. It paid little heed to the red plasma impacting onto its shoulders, and landed another blow on the Demon. This time, the Demon was forced to his knees. It bellowed in triumph. The Sangheili, the Jiralhanae, even the mighty Lekgolo could not defeat this one. But he, just one Jiralhanae, had managed to force the Demon to bow down to him!

John-117 looked up to the Brute that had managed to knock him down. Instead of killing him outright, it had chosen this moment to roar in triumph? He took the chance. He rolled off to the side, and stood up, Covenant carbine in his hands. He raised it, and unloaded the clip in the ugly ape's uglier face. It gave a gurgling growl, as it finally collapsed. As the Spartan shakily reloaded the carbine, he heard a booming voice over the ship-wide COM system.

\_The Demon is here! Whoever brings me its head shall be my personal guard! The Great Journey shall not be denied to you!\_

The translation system kicked in. John smirked behind his helmet. So, he was worthy enough to have a bounty? Wow. He bent down to search the Brute, and found some strange black objects with spikes on them. Grenades? He policed them all the same.

There. He was ready to take on an army. Or rather a ship-load of angry, frenzied, pissed-off Brutes and Jackals. How fun.

He opened the doors and immediately encountered two. Behind one were several red dots on his motion detector. Covenant. Behind the other was nothing. He walked right in front of the door, and then ducked behind the wall. He carefully looked around, and saw three Jackals, their plasma pistols waving around, and their shield gauntlets ready. Good. They hadn't seen him. He looked at the new grenades, and decided to go for it. He threw a grenade at the ceiling, intending for it to bounce down, right in front of the Jackals. However, instead of falling down to the floor like he expected, it just stayed right on the ceiling. Well, that was a waste. He readied the carbine, when he heard a little boom. Curious, he looked around, and saw three dead Jackal bodies lying down. And the many little spikes embedded in their backs. The grenade launched spikes. He inspected the shield gauntlets, and deciding that they were working, he took them.

He checked his motion detector. It indicated that one large contact was coming. How did the Jackals raise the alarm? Oh well, bring them on! He clipped the Jackal shield to his wrist, and raised the carbine. Then he felt the flutters. The ground was shaking. This can't be right. Even Hunters weren't that large. So, what were they?

The answer came soon enough. Indents were formed in the walls. Then they bent inwards. What were these things? Large holes were punched into the walls, and then something forced its arms in the hole, and then tore through the wall. Now the hole was large enough for it to come through. It was hideous. It was much, much larger than a Hunter, and had gray skin. It wielded no weapons, although from the size of its claws, the Spartan surmised that it didn't need any. It wore armor on its shoulders, and where two eyes were supposed to be, there was only one eye. It screeched in rage, even as the Master Chief primed and threw a plasma grenade, connecting with it. It lunged out with its claws, and nearly hit the Master Chief. The grenade detonated. The monstrosity groaned with pain, as the plasma burned its skin, but it remained standing.

"What the hell!" The Master Chief muttered, as he readied another grenade. The monster, sensing the danger, lashed out with its claws, forcing the Master Chief to roll to the side. The primed grenade fell out of his hands. The Spartan ran away, and the grenade detonated harmlessly.

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The High Prophet of Truth looked in the security monitor, and smiled. Normally, he would not deploy the savage Drinol in a ship of war but this wasn't normal. Soon, the Demon shall die.



His only regret was that he would have to destroy the beast. They were notoriously hard to control, and after destroying the Demon, it would most likely go on a rampage and destroy the ship. He would have to jettison it. Regrettably yes, but it would gain the ultimate prize: salvation.

The Jiralhanae Ship master, Haralus, walked up to him, and spoke gruffly, "Your Eminence, I am not sure if this is a wise course of action."

"How so, Ship Master?" Truth responded.

"Drinols are savage beasts. They are not worthy of this honor. This will destroy this ship, left by the Forerunners, given a chance."

"Oh, and I suppose your people can dispose of the Demon?" Truth smiled as he saw Haralus flinch at this veiled insult.

"Very well, Hierarch." Haralus bowed, and barked orders to a Jiralhanae manning the weapons station. A second later, a Human Orbital Cannon exploded.

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The Spartan looked around. No weapons, which meant a little chance of winning this fight. This beast was savage, too savage for him to contend with. That left only one option.

A draw.

He had surmised that he was around the hull of this ship. A big mistake on their part. If the beast could tear through the walls, then maybe, just maybe, it could tear through the hull. The MJOLNIR MARK VI armor could supply him with around two hours worth of air. The beast, however, would die. A draw, and with luck, maybe a UNSC ship could pick him up. If not, at least he'd go down fighting.

He ran to the edge of the hull, and through a brute spike grenade at the beast. He knew it wouldn't hurt it, but it would piss it off. The grenade exploded, and the beast grunted in pain. Through its crazed eye, it saw the source of the pain: the Demon.

It roared, and lumbered towards its enemy. It lunged out with both of its claws with all of its force. The Master Chief rolled aside, and the claws impacted on the hull, bruising it slightly. The Spartan looked at the damage, and sighed inwardly. This was going to be a long day.

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The Hierarch called Field Master Platonus to the security monitor. The graying Jiralhanae looked at the Demon leaping out of the Drinol's savage strikes, and occasionally firing off an extra round.

"Explain." He demanded.

Platonus swallowed a few times, and paused the frame. He looked at the hull, and panicked. "Hierarch, we must jettison the both of them,

now! "

"What?"

"The Demon is causing the Drinol to destroy the hull of this ship! Several more hits, maybe four or five, will compromise the structural integrity of this vessel!"

The Prophet felt his blood freeze. He called out to Haralus.  
"Jettison the Drinol, now!"

Haralus jumped, and then barked a short order. An officer punched in a few buttons, and the door slid open. It turned out that the Demon had chosen to fight in a launch bay.

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The Master Chief pulled out a grenade, before he felt a slight tug. He spared a second to turn around, and saw a door slide open. They had decided that the loss of this beast was worthwhile, then. He grunted, and held onto what little remained of the door. The beast was not as lucky, as it flash-froze. It tumbled out into space. The Master Chief felt his grip slipping, and knew that he would be dashed against the shields. He primed the plasma grenade, and threw it out. He jumped away, soon afterwards. The grenade detonated on the shields, punching a small hole, which enabled the Master Chief to pass through it.

The deep vacuum of space. He felt at peace. His only regret was that he couldn't see the war through. He might as well boost his FOF tag to full strength. The way he saw it, he would either get rescued by a UNSC ship, get fried from a plasma shot, or just die when he ran out of oxygen.

He closed his eyes.

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Alex "Tack"-G111 looked at his other teammates. George "Boom"-G312 was piloting the Covenant dropship around the Super-Flagship's bay. Becky "Sneak"-G012 was sharpening her many combat knives, and subconsciously fingering her deactivated Covenant energy sword. Lena "Tech"-G045 was shifting her new "Icer" Rifle. Lastly, Keith "Speed"-G032 was shifting his weight around. He had never gotten used to the Covenant seats.

Becky was the assassin of the team. She was so good, once, when a stealthed Covenant Elite was stalking them, she turned the tables on it, and knifed it. Guess that's just irony. Her weapon of choice was the Covenant energy blades. She was the prime choice for infiltration. Too bad she was bull with projectiles, even a sniper rifle, except for knives, of course. She took the mission seriously. However, during the post-mission era, she would constantly joke around.

Lena was the technological brains of the outfit. She could hack into a Covenant database as easily as a battle rifle can tear apart a civilian vehicle. Slow to start, but once she's in, nothing can stop herâ€| except for a smart AI, of the highest level. She would be highly useful for this mission. The "Icer" rifle was something of her

own creation. She did something to liquid nitrogen and a rifle, and the result was this. It couldâ€¦ you guessed it, fire off super-chilled liquid nitro, effectively freezing the target. However, for a Spartan, she was, well, weak-ish. When others were benching 100 kilograms, she benched 75. Too bad she had a tendency to brag about it.

George was the demolition man. He could put together a timed explosive out of random equipment. Kinda like McGyver. He had extensive studies on trajectories, meaning his grenades went where he wanted them. He could hot-wire a Wraith to go on autopilot, even if someone was manning it, meaning that it would just randomly shoot its plasma mortars, to the frustration of the pilot. The problem was that he was pretty dull. He couldn't make up a plan to save his life! He needed someone to hone his abilities.

Keith was rather average. He was okay with guns and vehicles, but terrible at fighting hand-to-hand. Kind of ironic, considering that he has the physique of a Covenant Bruteâ€¦ in proportion. And about the same level of intelligence. However, he was damned fast. When Mendez organized games of CTF, everyone clamored for him. He was just that fast.

And himself? To quote Mendez, "Sharp as a tack, and about as useful." He was the tactician of the group, but couldn't carry out his plans himself. He was extremely handy with a BR55 battle rifle, and dual wielded M6Ds.

The five of them made Team Razor. They were counterbalanced, meaning that they took care of each other, and covered their weaknesses.

Their mission? To destroy the ship. They couldn't bring nukes, because that would alert the Covenant. So, they'd have to do the classic reactor overload, just like how the Spartan-II Blue Team did with the Unyielding Hierophant.

He was snapped out of his reverie as Boom left the pilot's station, and grunted, "Tech, yer up."

Tech stood up, slinging her Icer rifle around her back, and frantically typed in Covenant pictographs, answering various hails. This was where everything rested on. Tack held his breath, gripping his battle rifle tightly. After about five minutes, she reported, "Done."

Everyone exhaled at once. The flagship was over five kilometers long, with several plasma turrets. If they were slightly suspiciousâ€¦ then let's just say, Phantom vs. 11 plasma turrets.

Boom leaned over, and programmed the Phantom to stay floating, even as Team Razor jumped out of it. However, after two minutes, it would indiscriminately fire its three turrets. The Covenant would surely respond to that. But they needed someone to 'pilot' it. Tack asked, "Got the decoy?" Speed nodded, and grabbed the human body. It was the body of a Rebelâ€¦ no big loss. But still, there was somethingâ€¦ queasy about it.

The Phantom eased into the bay, and Speed unceremoniously dumped the body into the Pilot's chair.

"Stealth, everyone." Tack commanded, as he activated his own. The others nodded, and one by one, they in turn, 'disappeared.' By then, the Phantom was floating above the floor of the bay. Tack leaped down, and activated his COM system. "Everyone down?" Five green lights winked on. "Good. Boom, activate your program, now."

One green light winked on in acknowledgement. A voice chuckled in the COM. "Damn bastards won't know what hit them."

"Right. Tech?"

"Yes, Tack?"

"See if you can open that door."

"Too easy. You see, that--"

"Techâ€|"

"Yessir." The door slid open. Tack walked through it, followed by Team Razor.

"Boom. Give me a countdown for Phantom fireworks."

"Yes." A timer clicked on. 00:10.

"Let's go. Remember, stay quiet, hidden. Sneak, take point. We'll cover you."

00:06. A shifting. That must be Sneak.

"â€|And now." Boom cut in. Outside, Tack could hear faint screaming and explosions. Then the screaming subsided, as a larger detonation was heard.

Tack grinned inside his helmet. He was allowed to have fun, right? They walked cautiously, towards the center, where the bridge would be located. After about two hours, when everything had subsided, and a fair measure of luck, evading the patrols, they found themselves halfway through. However, the only way to the bridge was blocked. Twenty Elites patrolled the blocked hallway, and five Grunts were leaning against the compartments blocking it.

Tack clicked his COM on. "Tech? I thought that we were undetected?"

"We are. But I think there isâ€| an insurrection of sorts."

"Explain."

"At approximately 1400 hours, there were reports of shots fired. It said that the Brutes were killing Elites. Sorry that I did not tell you earlier."

"Right." Tack thought for a moment. Then it hit him. He scrutinized the cargo boxes. They were just stacked up against the bridge doors. A well-placed explosion would destroy them. Then, he looked at the grunts leaning against the boxes.

"Boom?"

"Yes sir."

"I want you to throw the new brute spike grenades there, there, there, and there." Tack outlined his HUD, set four points around the corridor, and beamed the picture to Boom. "Then, I want you to give me a countdown to ten seconds after the grenades explode."

"Yes boss." A silhouette moved in front of the uglies, and threw four spike grenades. He ran back to the group, and a countdown clicked on. 00:15.

"Good." Tack walked in front of the enemy, and clicked off the safety from his M6D.

00:10. The grenades silently detonated, and the Grunts fell, as the spikes pierced their hearts, their lungs, and their methane breathing apparatuses. The Elites roared as the spikes bounced off their shields. They waved their plasma rifles, but as there were not targets, they still stood, looking confused.

00:05. The Elites began walking around, and a few ran out, oblivious to the leaking methane. Tack clicked on his COM, and said, "Sneak, take them out. NOW."

A shadow shifted, and the two Elites that ran out fell, as a knife severed their brains from their spines.

00:01. Tack fired off one round for his M6D. The white-hot bullet streaked, and ignited the methane that had been steadily streaming out. Tack jumped away, but he still was thrown aside, as the concussive force from the flames impacted on him. But that was better than what the other eighteen Elites got. They warbled and groaned, as the fires baked them.

Tack stood up, even as the other four ran over to help him up. "To the bridge, boss?"

"Not yet. Barbecued Elite, anyone?" Tack replied. Four chuckles. "No? I thought so."

\*\*Author Note: So, what do y'all think? \*\*

End  
file.